

CHARLTON
COMICS
00786-1073

ALL NEW

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

**TEEN-
AGE**

PEBBLES

BAMM-BAMM

a Hanna-Barbera Production

NO. 16
OCT.
CDC

ONLY
20¢

AND

PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM



00786



PEBBLES & BAMM-BAMM IN

"THE GHOST OF HAUNTED HILL"



PEBBLES & BAMM-BAMM Vol. 2, No. 16, October, 1973,

published every six weeks by Charlton Publications, Inc., at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. 20¢ per copy. Subscription \$1.60 annually. Printed in U.S.A. Geo. Wildman, Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050). © 1973, HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC. International copyright secured. All rights reserved.



WHOOOOOOOO

L-LET'S
GO!

MEOW!

GULP!
HERE,
KITTY
KITTY
KITTY!



LEAVE AT
ONCE !!

I GET THE
MESSAGE!
I'M GOING!

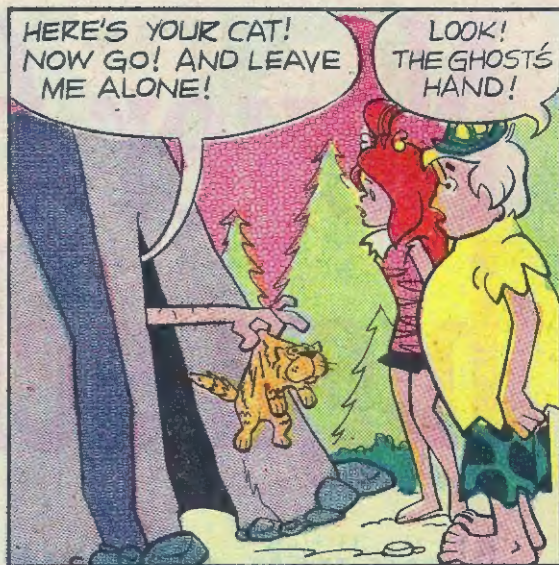
IT TALKS!
I'M NOT
SCARED
ANYMORE!
I'M
STAYING!

LEAVE OR
I'LL BITE
YOU!

WE'RE NOT GOING
UNTIL I GET MY
KITTY!

LEAVE!
LEAVE!
LEAVE!

NO!



TEEN-
AGE

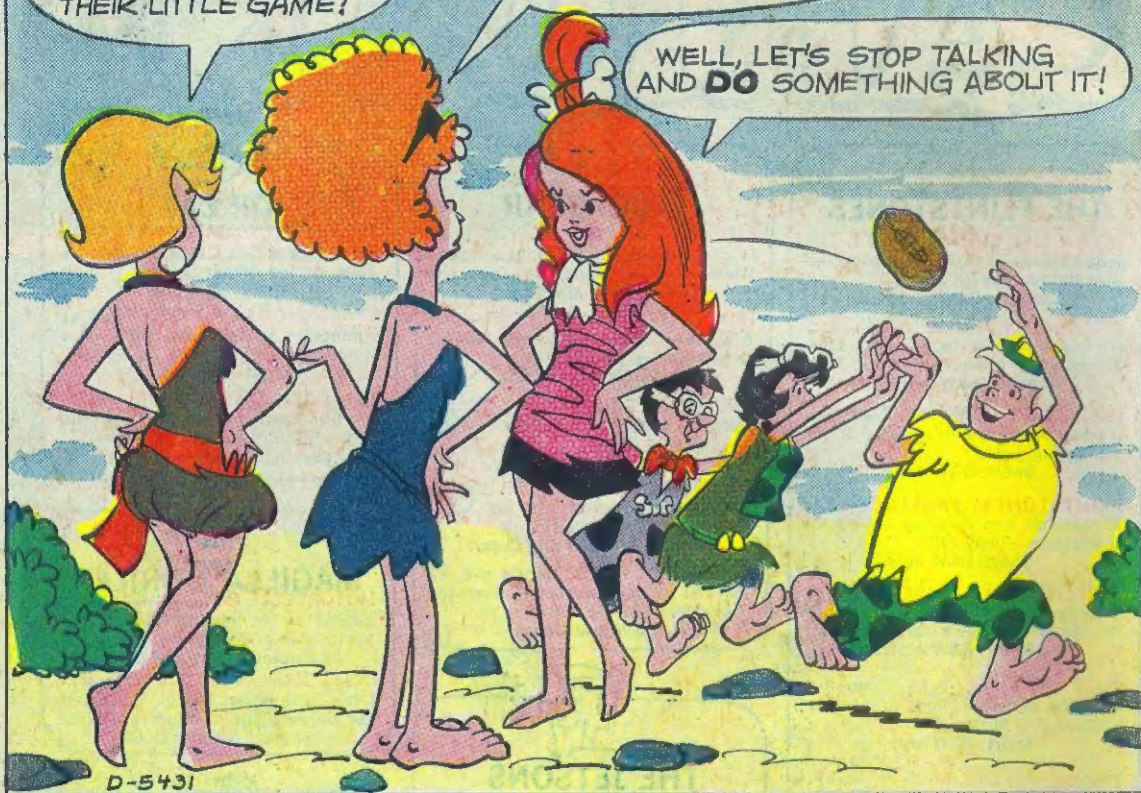
PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN

"THE FREEZE!"

THEY'LL HAVE NOTHING
TO DO WITH US UNTIL
THEY'RE THROUGH WITH
THEIR LITTLE GAME!

THEY THINK WE'RE MERE
OBJECTS TO PUSH AROUND
AT THEIR WHIM!

WELL, LET'S STOP TALKING
AND **DO** SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

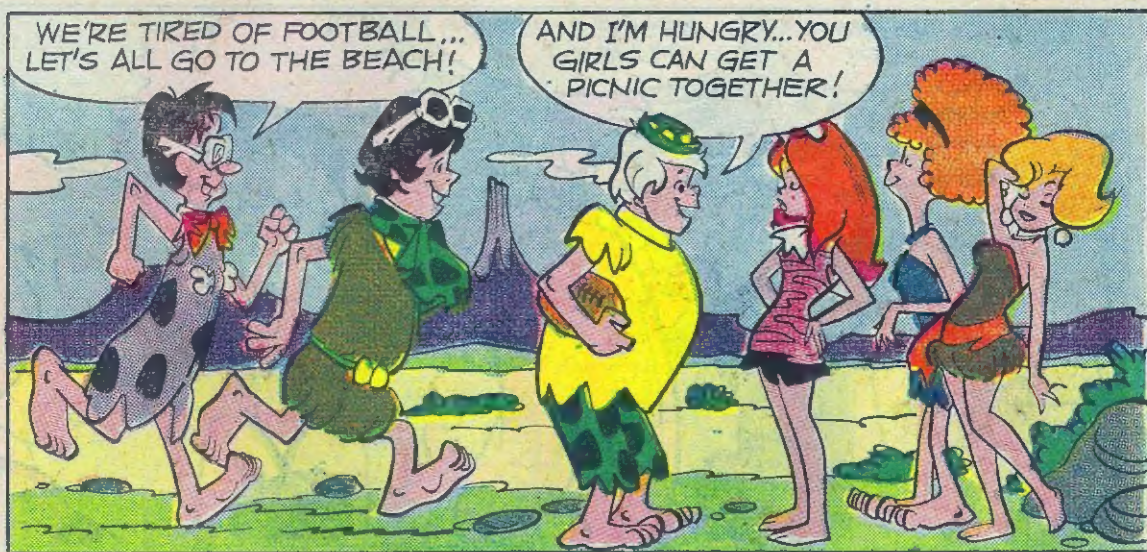


WHAT?

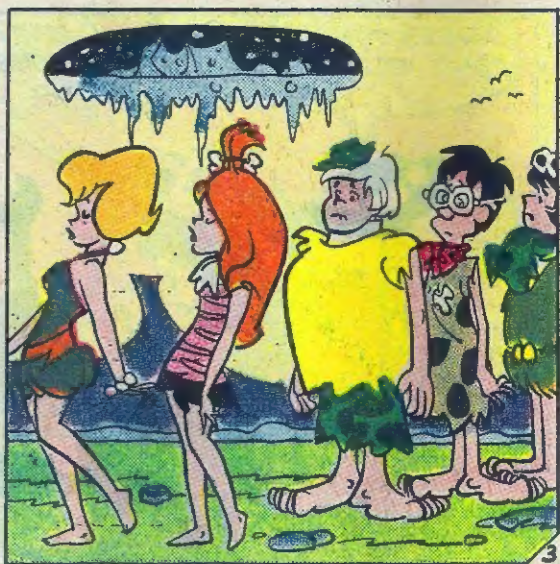
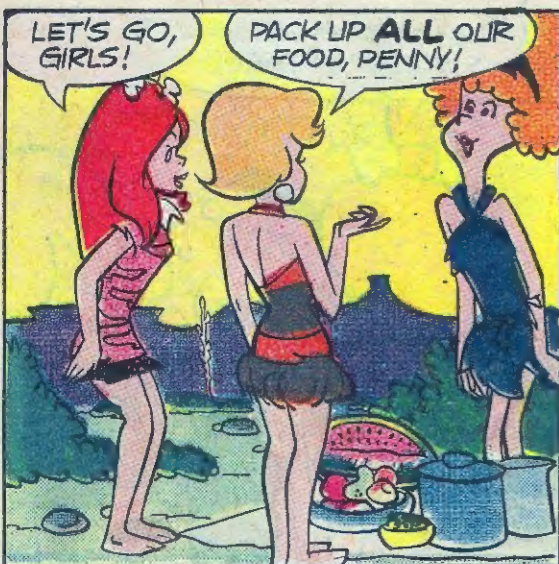
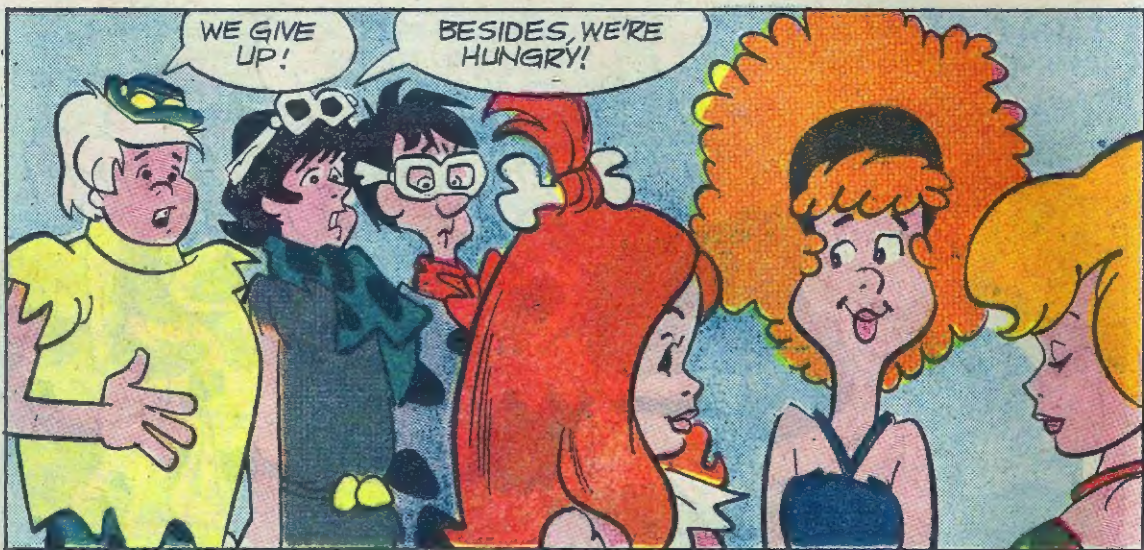
IT'S SIMPLE!

WE'LL
**BOYCOTT
THE
BOYS!**





TWO DAYS LATER



TWO DAYS LATER

WELL, WE'VE WON!

HOW CAN YOU TELL?

THEY'VE STOPPED COMING AROUND PESTERING US!



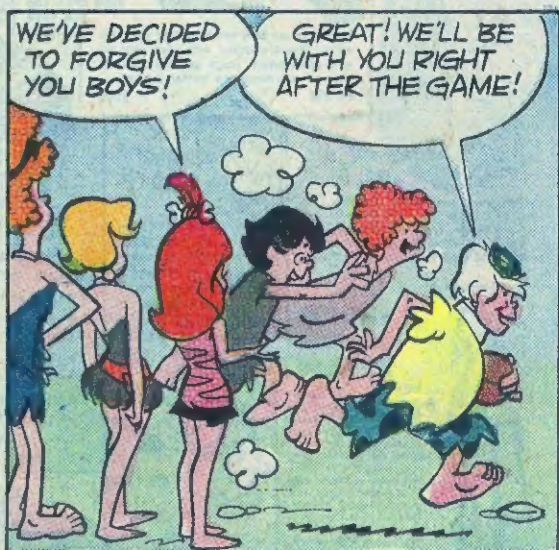
ALL IN FAVOR OF FORGIVING THEM, SAY AYE!

AYE!



WE'VE DECIDED TO FORGIVE YOU BOYS!

GREAT! WE'LL BE WITH YOU RIGHT AFTER THE GAME!



ARE WE STILL GOING TO FORGIVE THEM?

OF COURSE, SILLY!



AFTER ALL, GIRLS CANNOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE!



TEEN-AGE

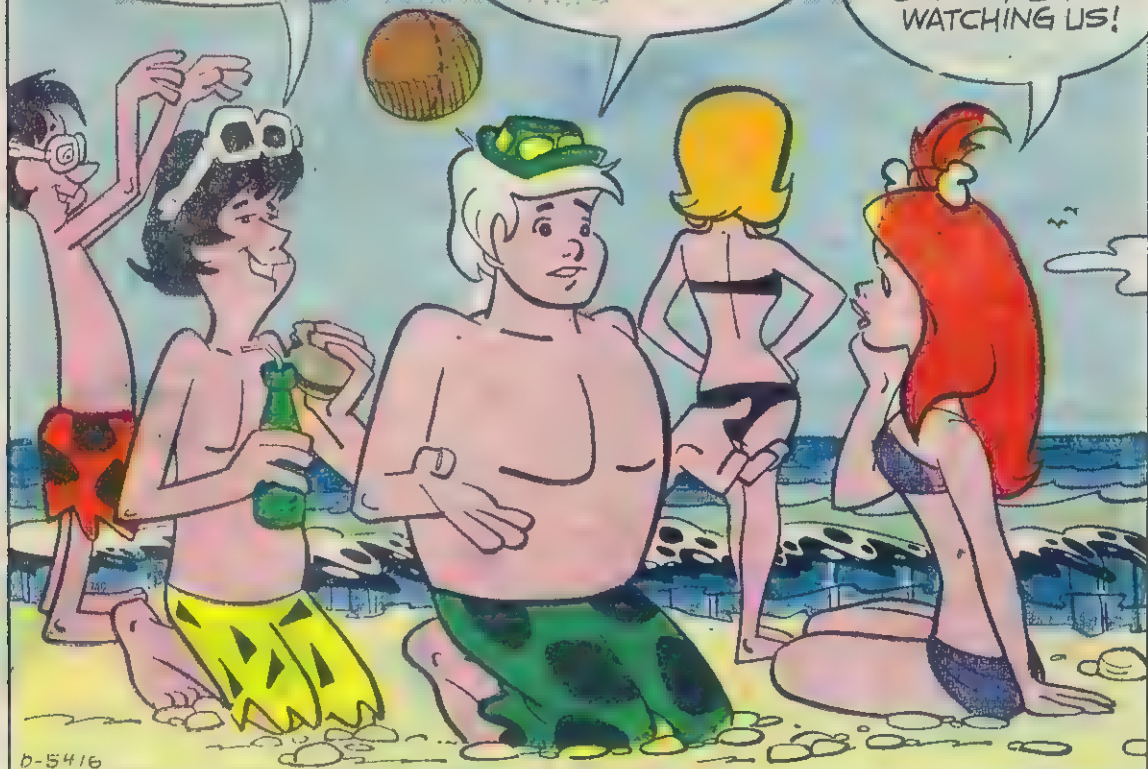
PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN

"THE UNSEEN"

THIS SURE IS FUN...
WHAT'S THE MATTER,
PEBBLES?

YEAH, YOU'VE BEEN
REAL QUIET...WHAT'S
BOTHERING YOU?

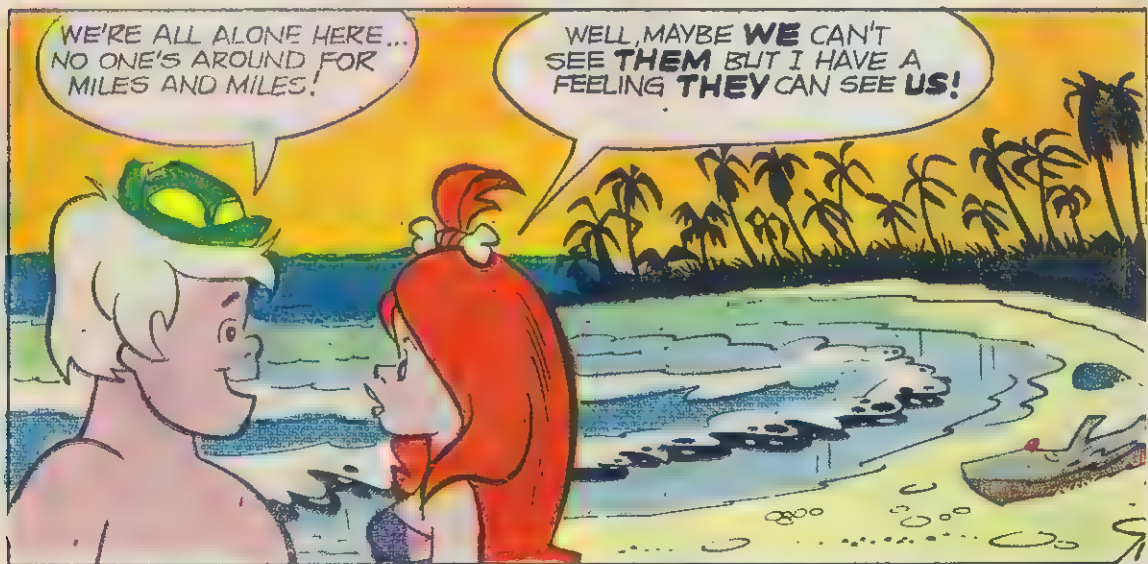
I HAVE A
CREEPY
FEELING THAT
SOMEONE IS
WATCHING US!

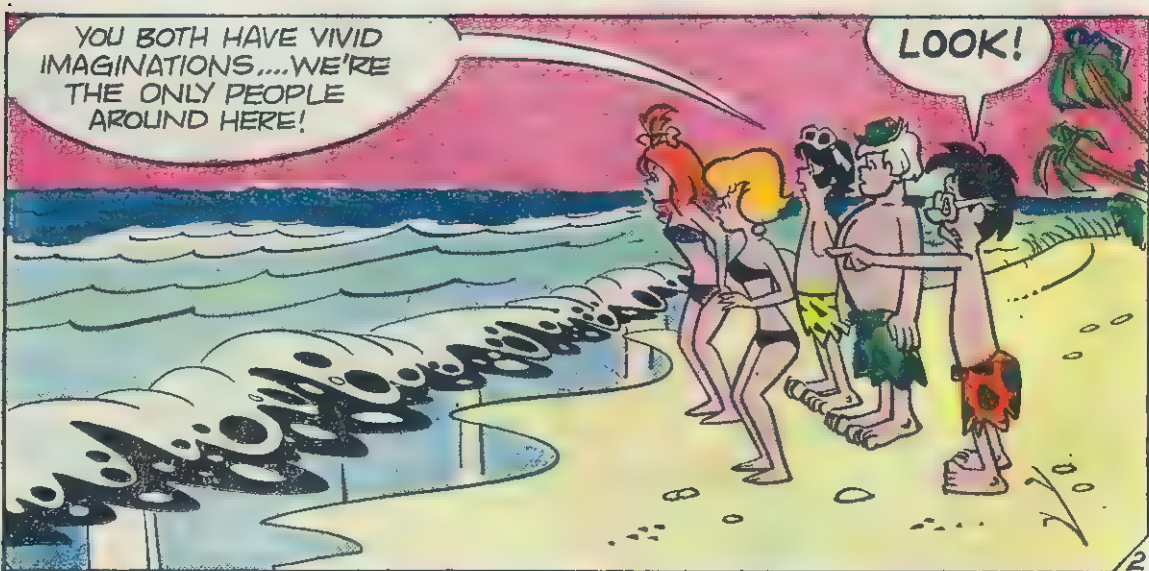
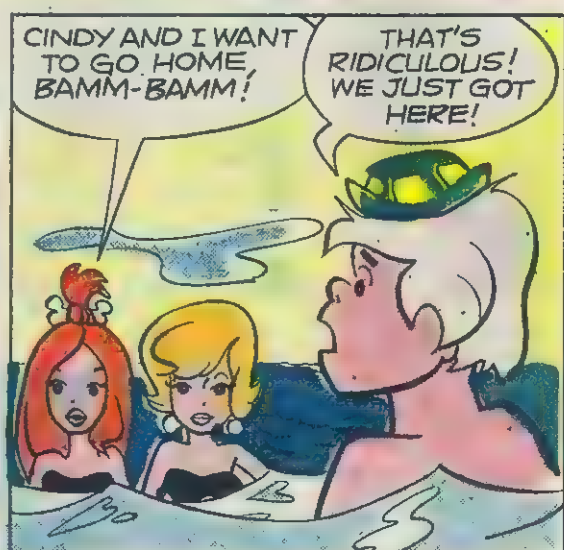
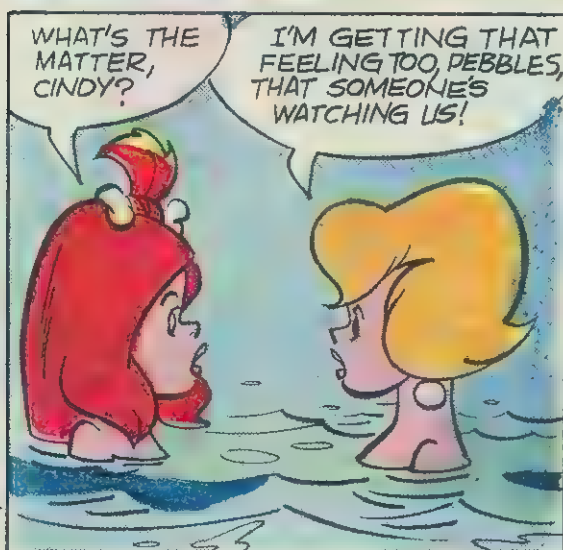
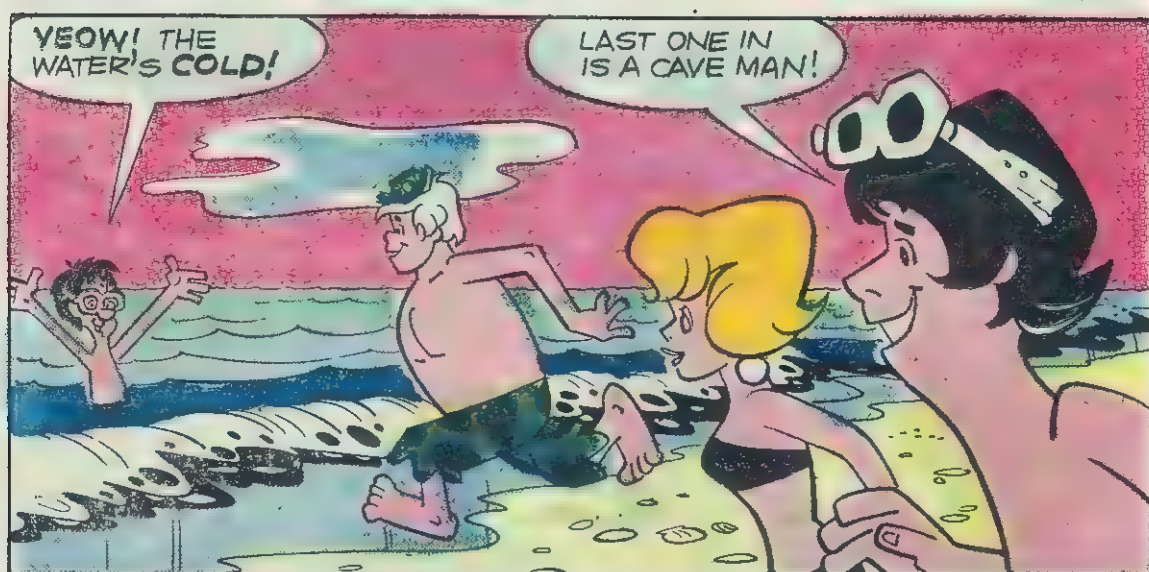


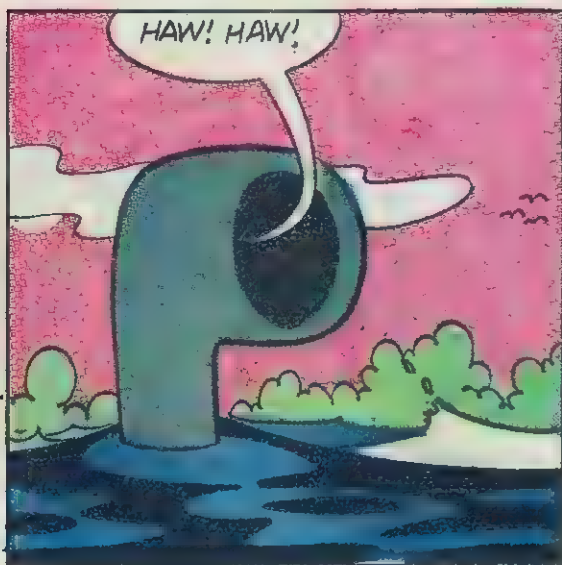
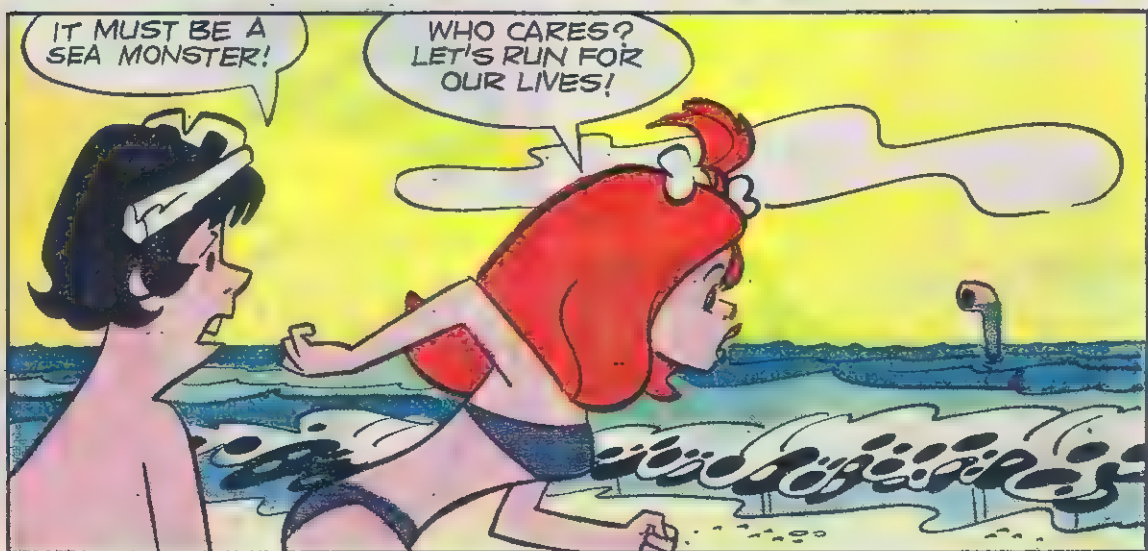
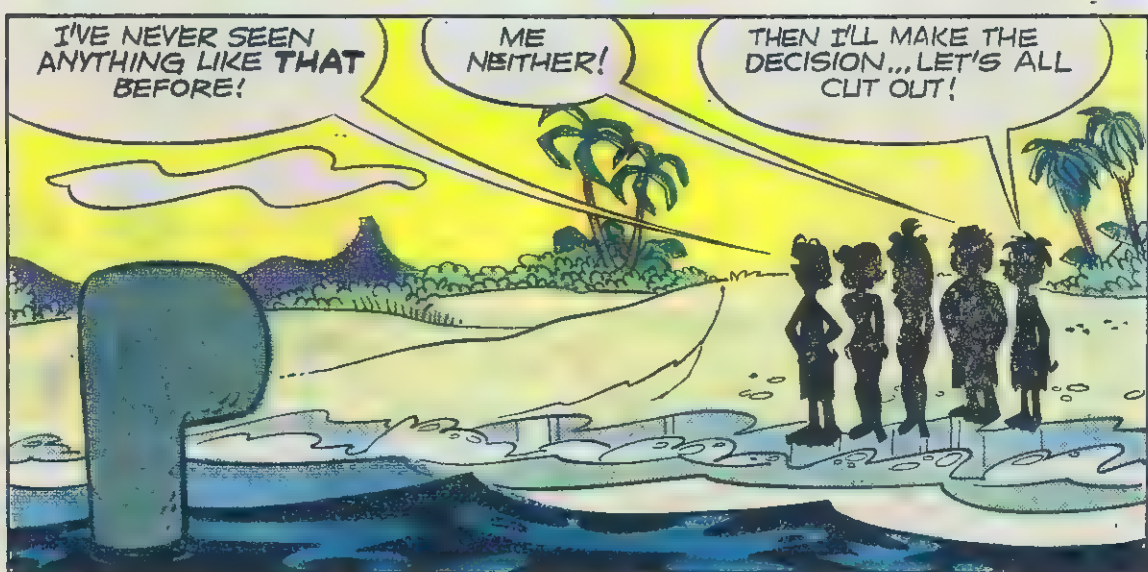
D-5416

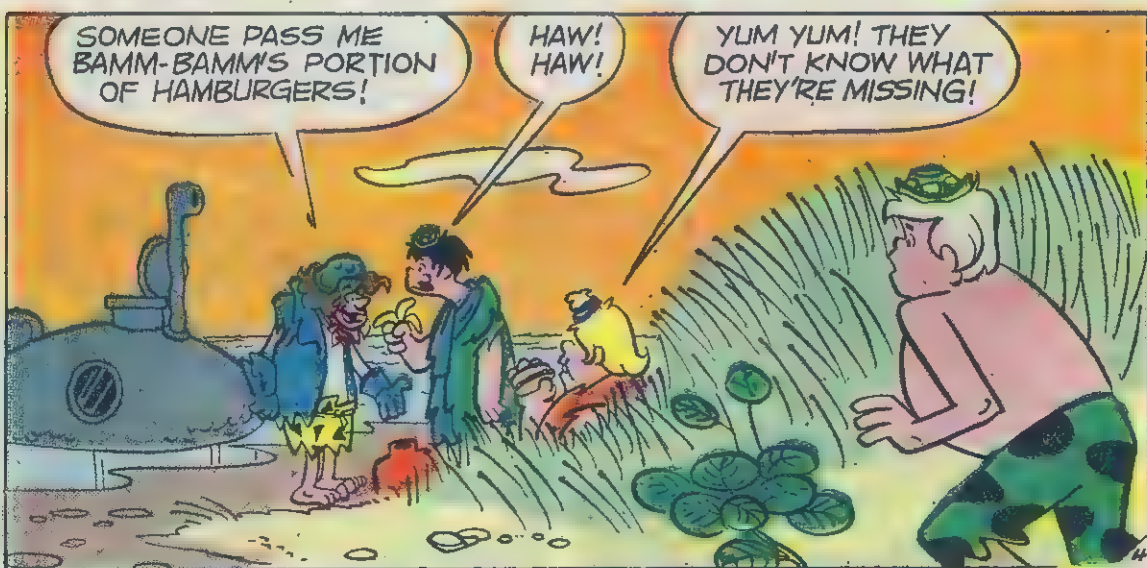
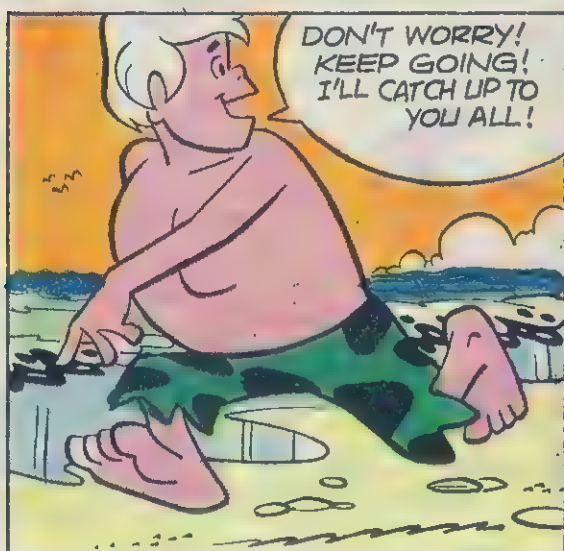
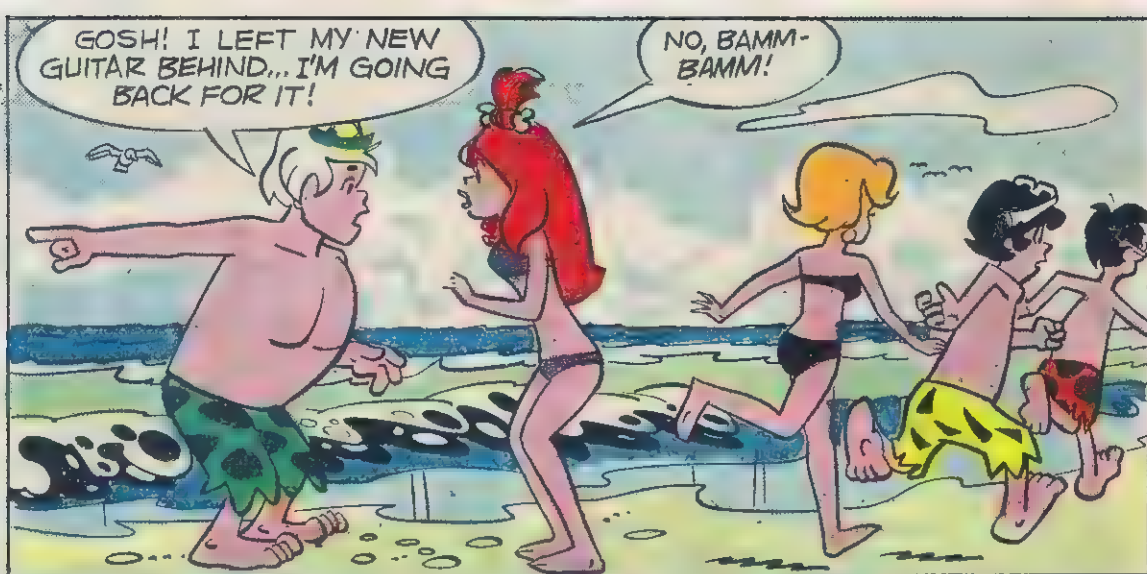
WE'RE ALL ALONE HERE...
NO ONE'S AROUND FOR
MILES AND MILES!

WELL, MAYBE **WE** CAN'T
SEE **THEM** BUT I HAVE A
FEELING **THEY** CAN SEE **US**!



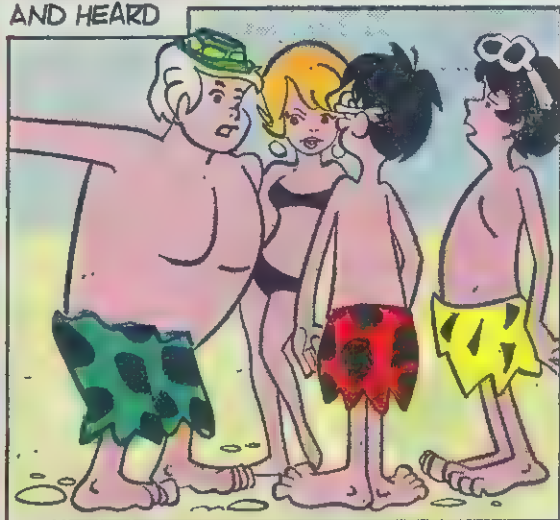




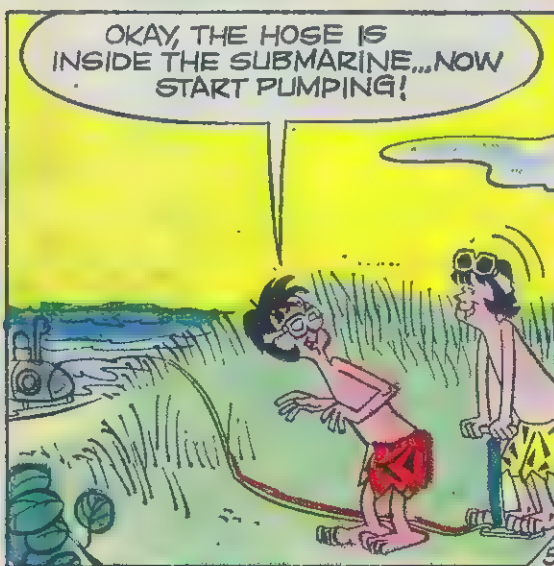




BAMM-BAMM TELLS THEM WHAT HE SAW
AND HEARD

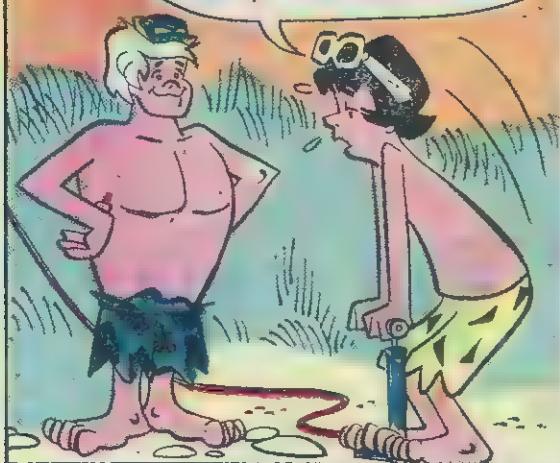


ARMED WITH A BICYCLE PUMP AND A
LONG HOSE THEY RETURN TO THE
BEACH TO CARRY OUT THE PLAN...



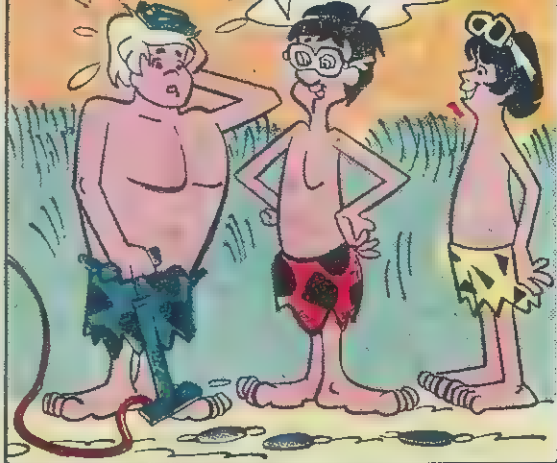
ONE HOUR LATER

I'M GETTING TIRED! YOUR
TURN, BAMM-BAMM!



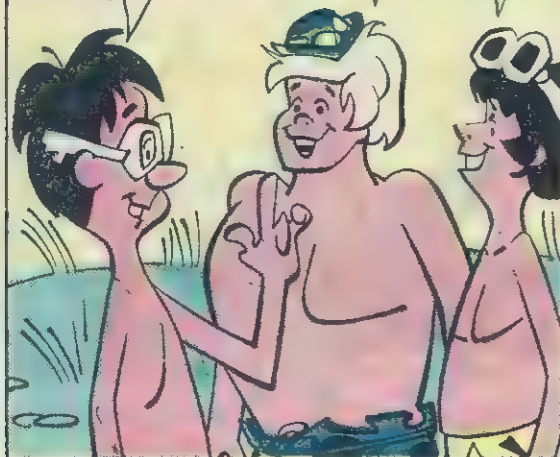
PHEW!

I THINK THAT'S
ABOUT ENOUGH!

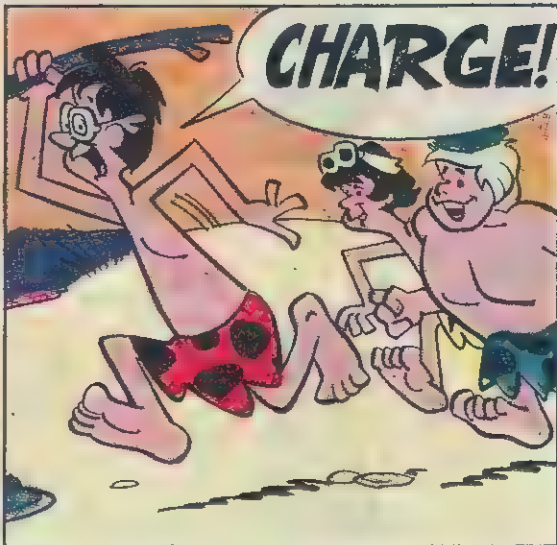


READY FOR THE
REST OF OUR PLAN?

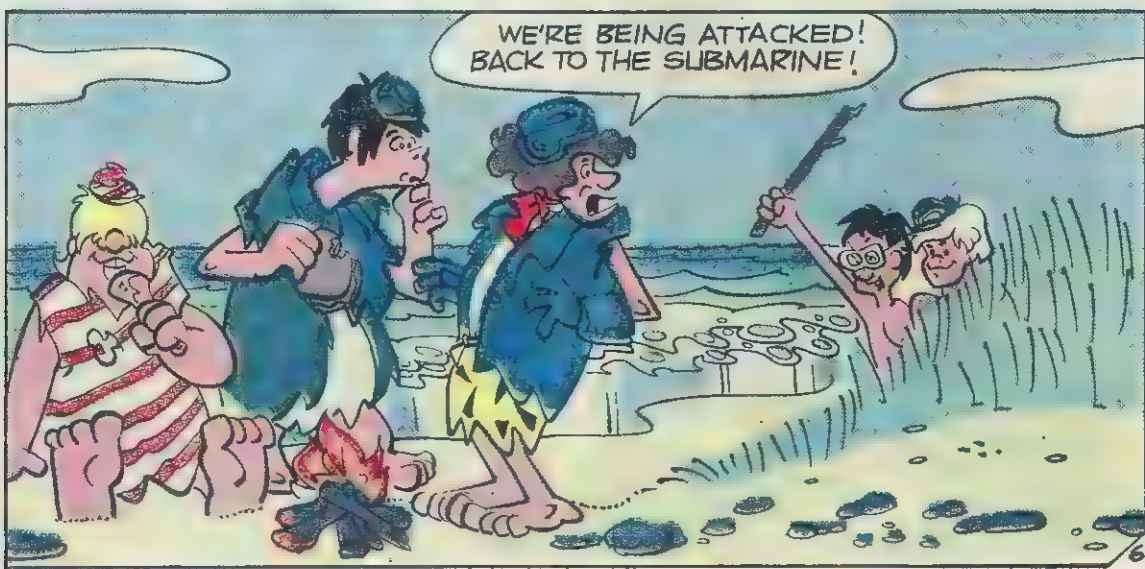
READY! READY!



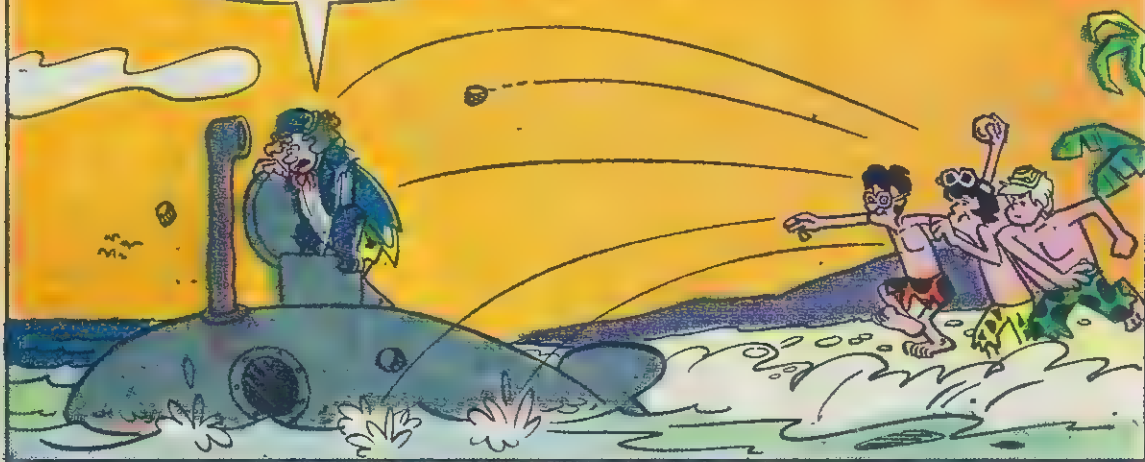
CHARGE!



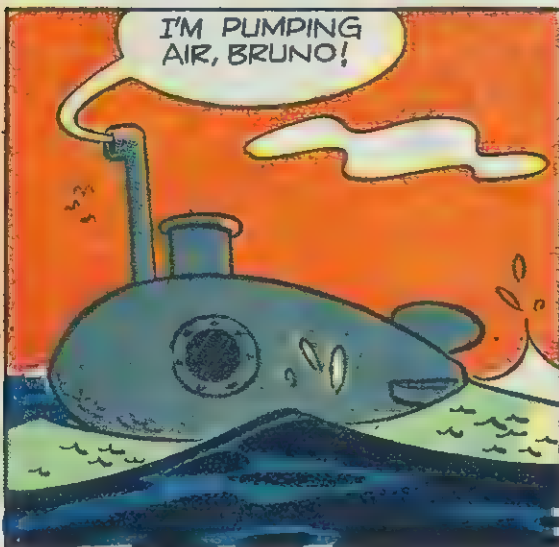
WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!
BACK TO THE SUBMARINE!



PREPARE TO DIVE! START
PUMPING AIR, ZONK!



I'M PUMPING
AIR, BRUNO!



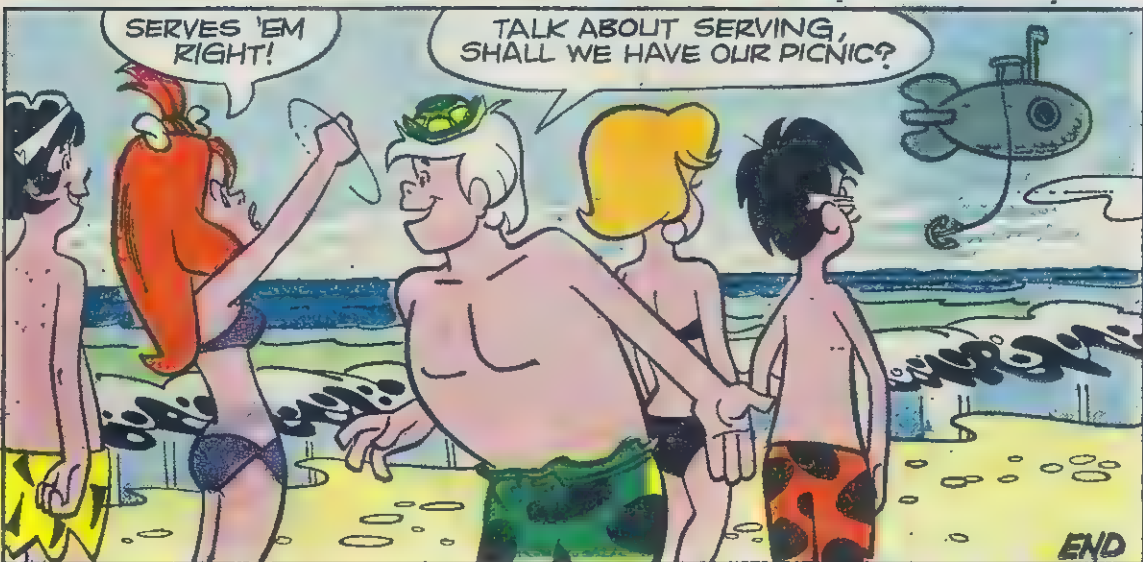
LOOK!

YEP! JUST AS I SAID
IT WOULD!



SERVES 'EM
RIGHT!

TALK ABOUT SERVING,
SHALL WE HAVE OUR PICNIC?



END

BOARD ErASer

My first appointment as a teacher was to P.S. 45. Which was located on the east side of our city. I was young, full of energy, and enthusiasm. I wanted to be a good teacher. I taught there for five years and then went to a Junior High School. That was a promotion for me. Only trouble with teaching is that you come up against a lot of situations which could be bewildering to you. You were never taught about their existence or how to handle them by the Professors in the Education Courses.

It took me some time to learn that kids were not miniature adults. A kid thinks in his own way. True, at times he may come to a very startling and unusual conclusion. And the answer you get may be a first in new ideas. I asked the question:

"What family claims the whale?" and when I didn't get a hand up, I changed it slightly. "To what family does the whale belong?"

What I wanted was the answer: "Mammal." I wanted to show my students that the whale was not a "fish". It did not extract oxygen from the water. It had lungs and did breathing just like we did.

Peter raised his hand rather slowly. As though he wasn't sure of his answer. These are his words.

"Teacher, I don't know any family where we live that has a whale. It doesn't belong to any family on our block. Maybe to a family on another block. But not where we live."

That lesson went down the drain pipe of life. On Monday the principal told me the news: "You will take your class to the Art Museum on Tuesday. Each student is to carry lunch. They will be excused from all other classes. This is part of our new program of cultural enrichment. All I can say is that I survived the ordeal. The impossible things that happened I won't forget for a long time. Esther stopped to look at the painting, "Storm in the North Sea" by Jacques Duval. Suddenly she started to drop her head low.

"I'm getting seasick," she screamed. "Help me before it is too late."

The female attendant took care of her in the office. We had to call her mother up to come to the museum to get her. Then Michael stopped in front of the painting, "Death of the Martyrs" by Ludwig Schneller. This

shows the brave early people being tied to stakes in the roman arena. Then you see the lions ready to kill or eat them. Michael was absolutely spellbound by that picture. Then I saw him start to count with his finger.

"Hey, teacher," he half shouted. "There's one lion there that will go hungry. Got nobody to eat."

"The Setting Sun" by Wilfred Allison puzzled some of my students, and Donald told me the situation:

"You mean a guy just paints a fried egg and its hung up here? What gives? Maybe you get hungry by just looking at it. But since when is a fried egg a hunk of art?"

Some of my girls came to me. One took me by my hand and they conducted me to a figure of a woman in armor on horseback. It was Jeanne d'Arc on horseback. And she was definitely wearing a page boy haircut.

"I want a haircut like that," said Francine. "And I will bring my mother here, What's good enough for Jeanne d'Arc must be good enough for me." Like that kind of young female's logic?

Jimmy either mislaid his lunch or lost it. He was about to cry when Matilda came over to him.

"I have an extra sandwich and some cookies with my lunch. So you can eat with me."

And how did he thank her? I wouldn't have believed it had I not heard it with my two ears:

"I can never forget how you saved me from starvation. Those were some cookies, I liked them very much. After I serve in the army because of the draft I shall come back to you. Meanwhile tell your mother I like her cookies so very much, and I thank her."

I should have had enough sense to keep them out of the room dedicated to modern art-madernistic and futuristic paintings.

"When I make blobs of paint on a paper I get scolded," said Henry. "But this guy gets away with it. They hang up his mess on the wall. Ain't fair, I tell you."

"How do you look at that picture?" Jonnie wanted to know. "Do I have to stand on my head?"

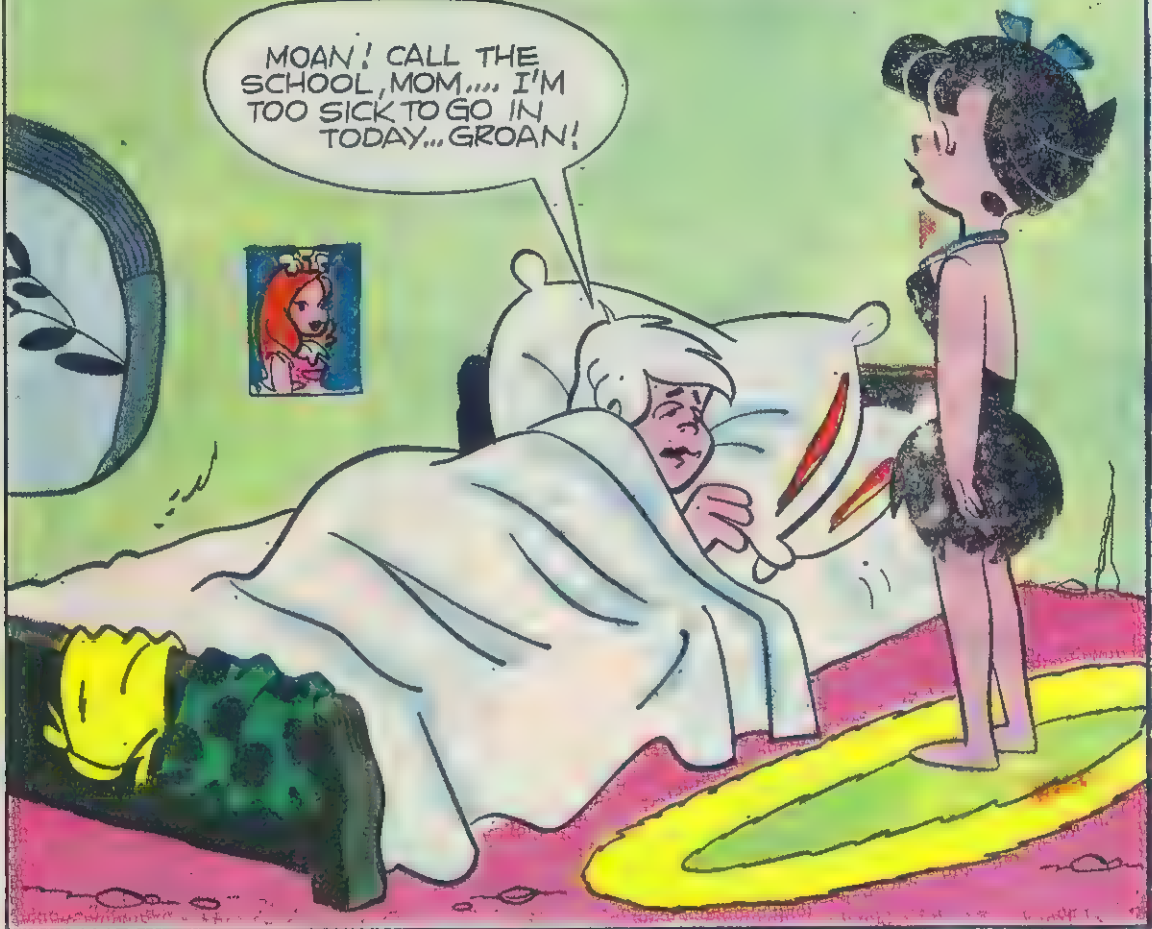
Believe me I was glad when time came to take them home. It was very successful. I returned with all students except the girl that got seasick.

TEEN
AGE

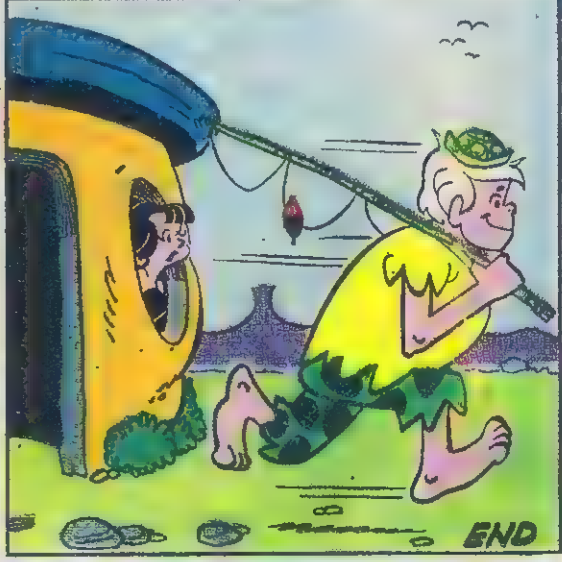
PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN

"INSTANT RECOVERY"

MOAN! CALL THE
SCHOOL, MOM,,,, I'M
TOO SICK TO GO IN
TODAY... GROAN!



IT'S SATURDAY,
BAMM-
BAMM!



TEEN-AGE

PEBBLES

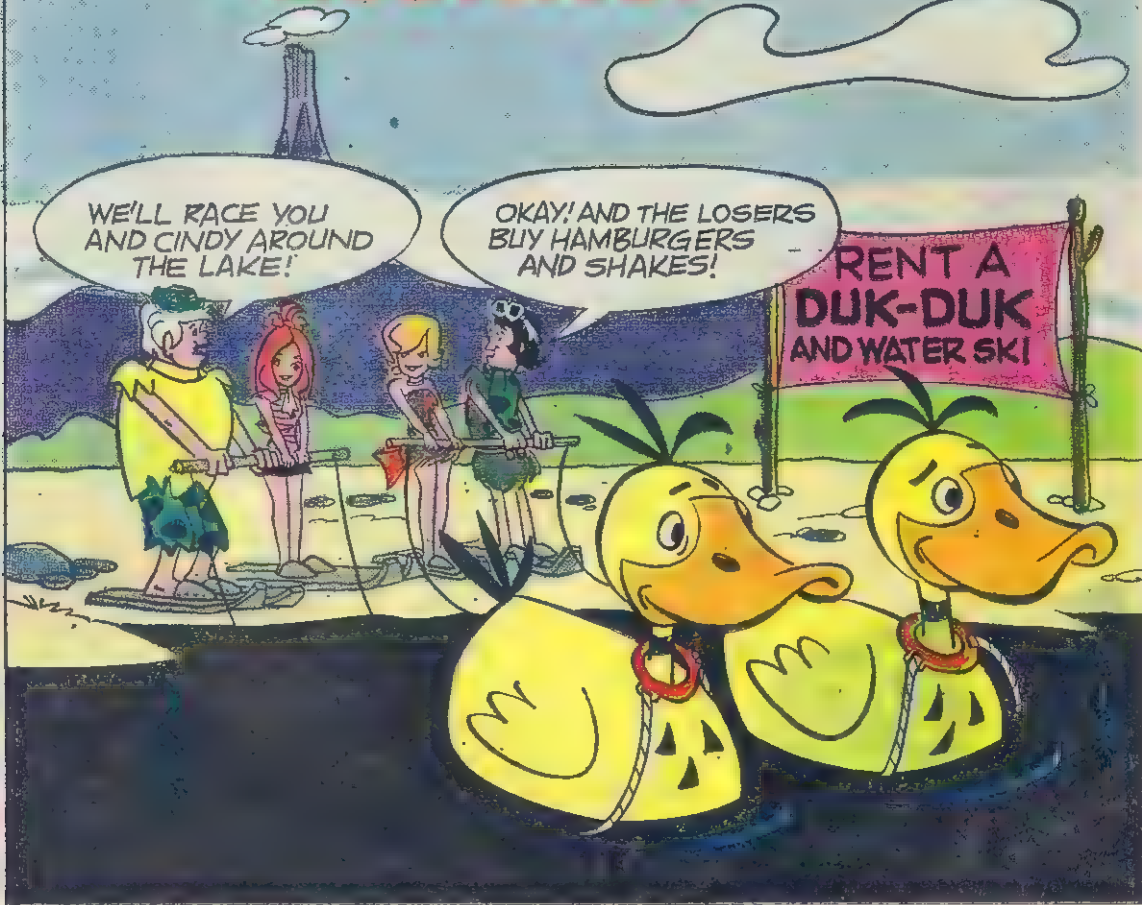
AND BAMM-BAMM

DUK-
DUK!

WE'LL RACE YOU
AND CINDY AROUND
THE LAKE!

OKAY! AND THE LOSERS
BUY HAMBURGERS
AND SHAKES!

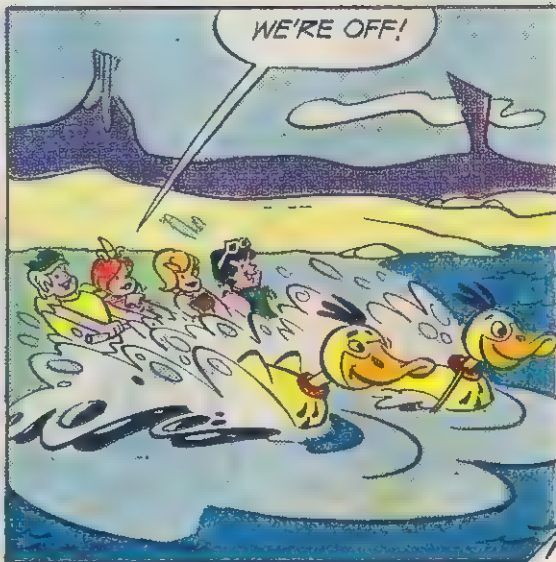
RENT A
DUK-DUK
AND WATER SKI!

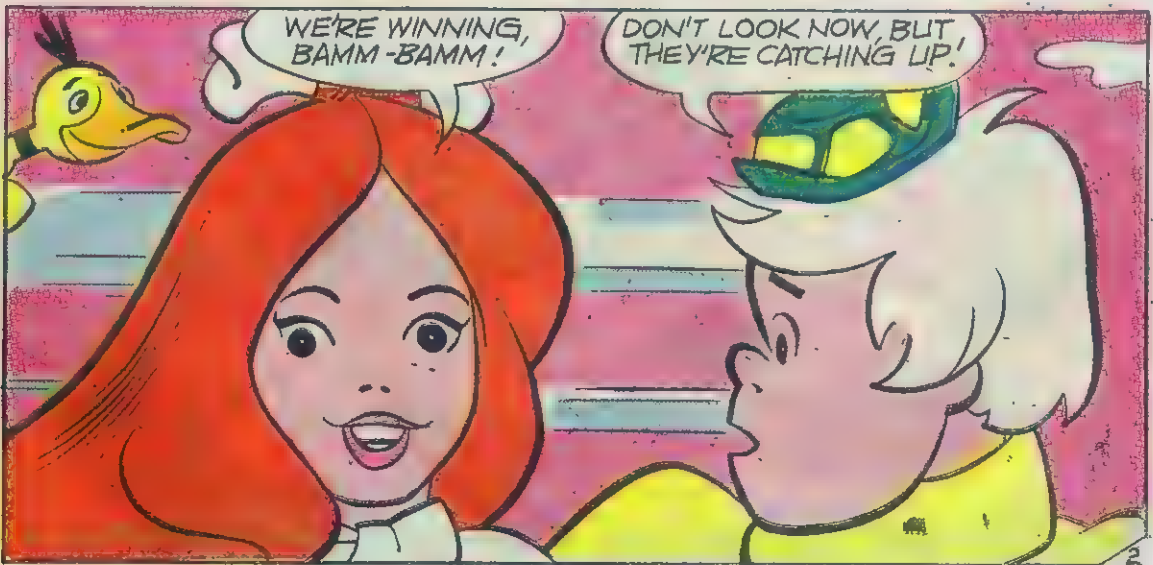
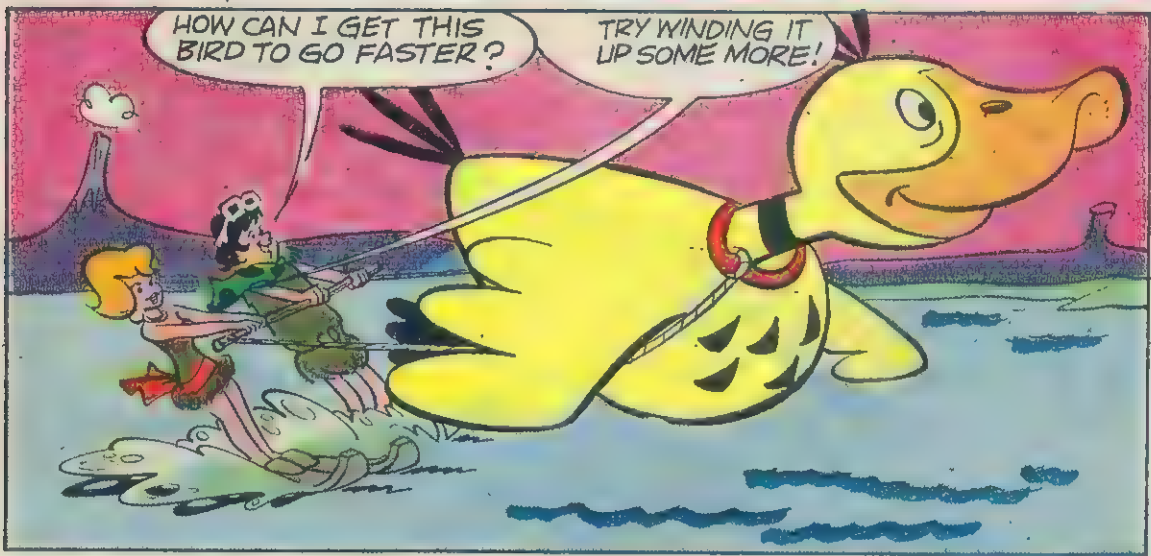
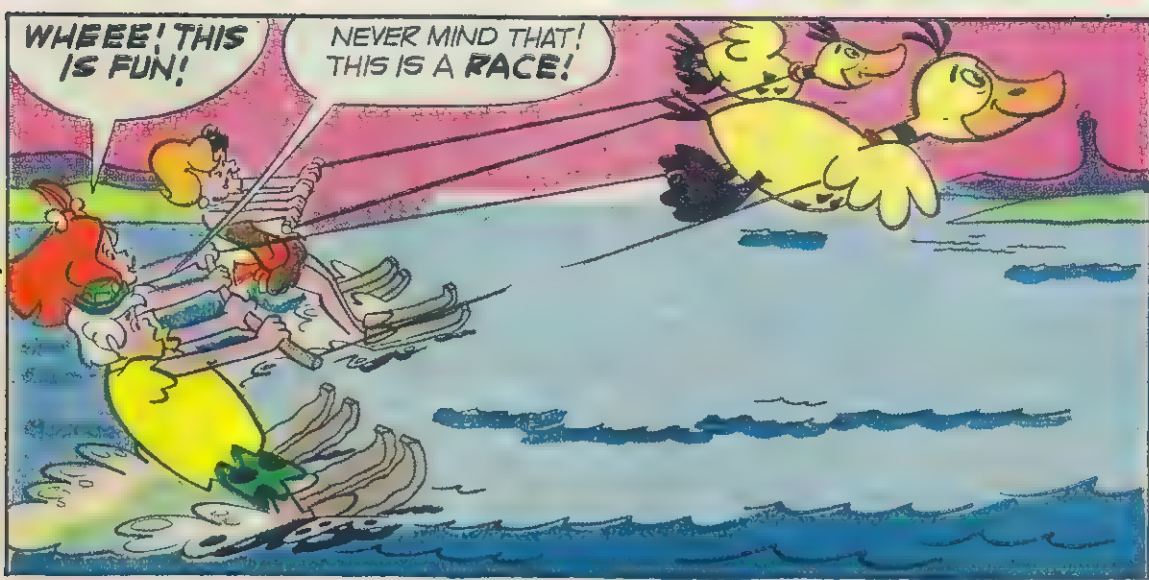


READY! GET
SET! GO!

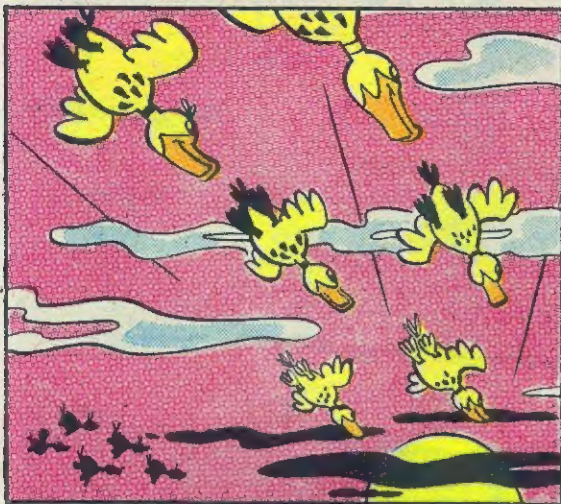


WE'RE OFF!



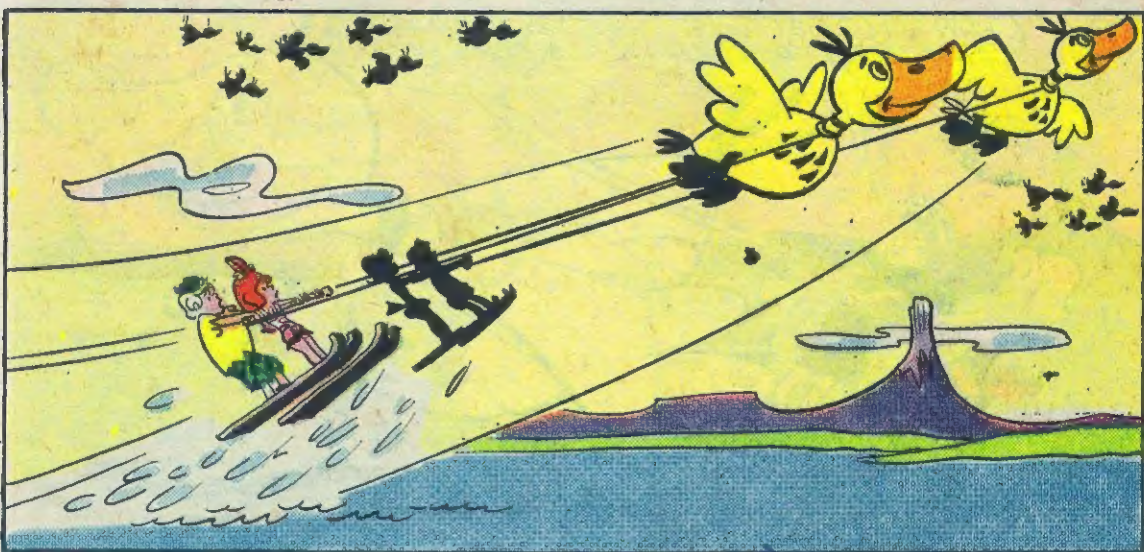
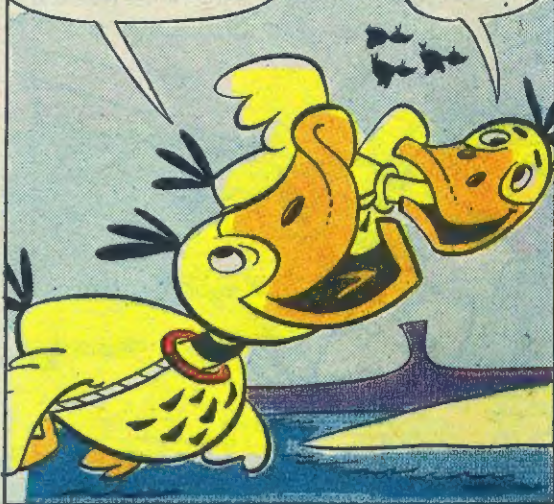


A FLOCK OF DUK-DUKS FLY SOUTH
FOR THE WARM CLIMATE...



I'D SURE LIKE
TO JOIN THEM!

WHY
NOT?



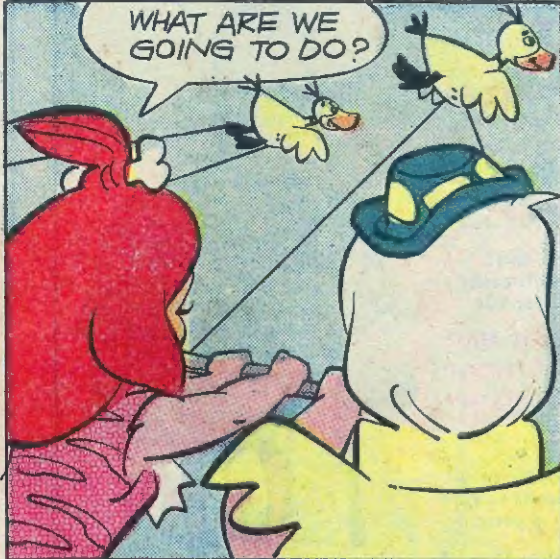
HEY! WE RENTED THESE
DUK-DUKS TO WATER
'SKI ONLY!

YEAH! LET'S
GET A REFUND!

FIRST LET'S
GET OUT OF THIS
ALIVE!



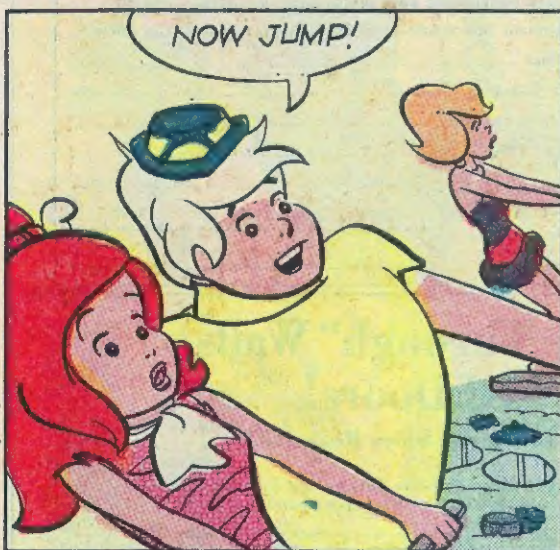
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?



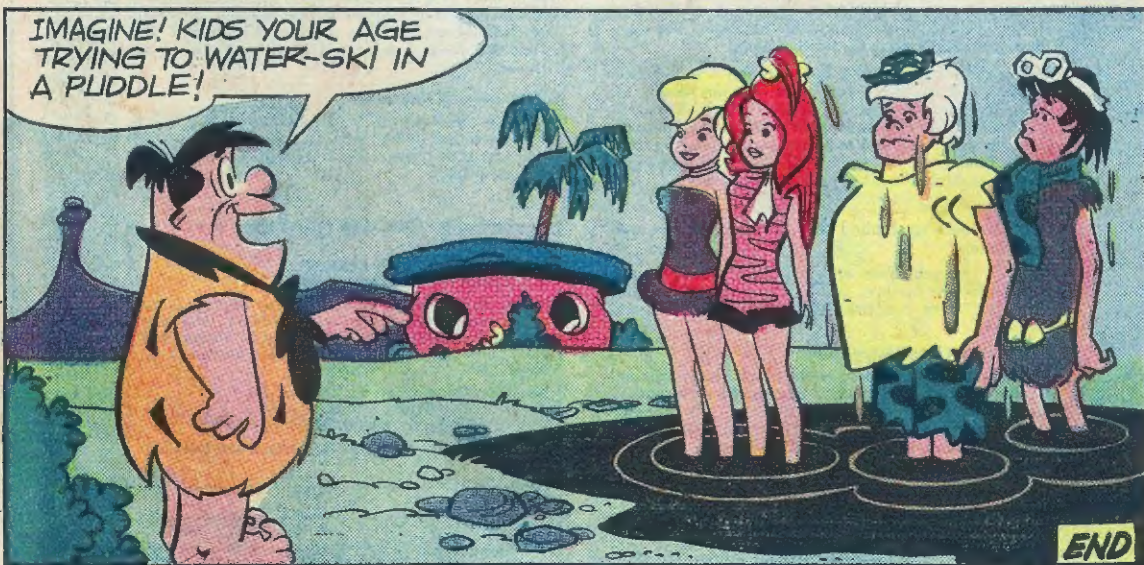
WHEN WE GET NEAR SOME WATER, WE'LL JUMP!



NOW JUMP!



IMAGINE! KIDS YOUR AGE TRYING TO WATER-SKI IN A PUDDLE!



END

TEEN-AGE

PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN

"THE MATHEMATITIAN"

WHAT'S BRUNO ACTING SO LIPPITY ABOUT?

HE BOWLED A 275 TODAY!

BOWLING A

D-5340

HE MUST HAVE GOTTEN A NEW BALL!

NO...

ZONK KEPT SCORE FOR HIM!

DUH,... DO YUH WANT ME TUH KEEP SCORE FOR YUH AGAIN TO-MORROW, BRUNO?

BOWLING ALL

END

TEEN-AGE

PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN

"SILENCE"

I'M TRYING TO READ
IN HERE! DO YOU KIDS
HAVE TO BE SO NOISY?

